

The Gospel Train / When the Old Sun was a Crawling / Jawbone (Jawbone Walk, Jawbone Talk)

The Gospel Train

AFS 1615 A1

Come hurry, hear the whistle, The Gospel Train is nigh. He stops at every station, Will take you home on high.

Oh, hurry to the station, And get your ticket there. That's proof of your salvation, Let nothing interfere.

She crosses every trestle, Through tunnels she does roar. And over tops the mountains, She's bound for Zion's shore.

She runs through valleys, prairies, Is safe at curves or fills. Your fairest faith so catch her, For truth so ever will.

Oh, hurry to the station, And get your ticket there. That's proof of your salvation, Let nothing interfere.

There's all you need forever, 'Tis a land beyond compare. She's the only train for glory, Has compartments rich and rare.

No goodbyes there are spoken, We ever there abide. In our loving Master's presence, And often by his side.

She's always true to schedule, And runs on glory time. All other routes are failures, So take this Gospel Line.

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Oh, hurry to the station, And get your ticket there. That's proof of your salvation, Let nothing interfere.

When the Old Sun was a Crawling

AFS 1615 A2

When he whipped them nigga's over the back, When the old sun was a crawling. La, la, la,, La, la, la,

And he whipped those nigga's o'er the back, When the old sun was a crawling.

When the old sun was a crawling, He whipped those nigga's over the back. Da la, la..... When the old sun was a crawling.

Jawbone (Jawbone Walk, Jawbone Talk)

AFS 1615 A3

Dinah stop, all that talk, For jawbone wants his knife and fork. Hang that nonsense on the fence, Mind for old jawbone save more expense.

Jawbone sing, jawbone prance, For the coon and possum make him dance. I loves to hunt him in the full moon, moon, For he never do fool this coon, coon.

Like other folks are asked to eat, My food have often so often sweet. The coon and possum are my pals, And I love them more than any gals.

Chicken, turkey, ducks and goose, With hands on him I'm never loose. I stew or roast 'em in the pan, I never runs about again.

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Fish and turtles, gull and frogs, Turtle hooks and ??? logs. I love the stew a fried and brown, And often say "Best meat am found."

Big fat ???? pork so good, And a brown, coon, coon, yum, yum food. I'll eat so much it makes me grin, That I feel they never eat again.

A man said "[Rastus?] what's you done? You eat yourself out of house and home. There ain't no possum, coon no more, And here you sleep and how you snore."

I says, "Then well that and the end, I quit the ??? and eating then. This jawbone I'll hang on the fence, That will save the folks of more expense."